

# THE MORNING ASTORIAN

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**TELEPHONE MAIN 661.**  
Official paper of Clatsop County and the City of Astoria.

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♦ **WEATHER REPORT.** ♦  
♦ Western Oregon and Wash- ♦  
♦ ington—Rain. ♦  
♦ Eastern Oregon and Wash- ♦  
♦ ington, Idaho—Cloudy and ♦  
♦ threatening. ♦  
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## RESTORE THE NAME.

For years the name of Astoria figured properly, and as prominently as any of her fellow-weather stations, on the weather map of the district in which she lies; she was quoted first on the list of the stations scheduled on that map, and had her reports listed and analyzed along with all the other stations of the district. All of a sudden her name disappeared from the daily map and schedule and she is now a non-entity so far as the published detail emanating from the office of Edward A. Beales, the district forecaster, at Portland, is concerned.

There are a number of people in this city whose business makes them eager for specific knowledge of conditions at this particular point and who deprecate the side-tracking of Astoria in this relation and want to know why it was done; though they are not without a pretty fair estimate of the inspiration that wrought the turn-down. This is a regularly established federal weather station, with an observer, and all the apparatus incident to the business; it is a well known port, and entitled to a place on the map and the station list of the service; and if her name is not incorporated there within a reasonable time, the Chamber of Commerce will be asked to take the matter up with Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, and a definite and satisfactory reason ascertained for the deliberate oversight.

If we had never had our proper place on the map, it would be a different matter. As it is, an explanation of very pertinent sort is to be demanded as well as the restoration to the schedule. We intend to follow this up until the affair is brought to a point that satisfies the people in interest here as well as the general public.

## THE SILENT MAGNATES.

Every man with the slightest acquaintance with the methods and policies of railway builders, knows that a marked degree of silence is the only safe and dependable line of action they can pursue in the constructive days of their enterprise; that it is their peculiar province to know and say nothing of the plans and purposes of those behind the great projects they, the lesser men, are carrying out; and this on the simple score of business; and we of Astoria are as free to admit this as any can be, in regard to the big railway ventures that bear directly on the progress and prosperity of this port and city.

But when a transportation line, or system, has been practically completed and its agency, and potency, in a given direction, and relative sense, are open to challenge, admittedly opportune and rationally significant, we believe that a community of the size and importance of Astoria, has the unequivocal right to ask questions that are relevant and inspired of an honest desire to be put in touch with that which concerns it most.

The Astoria & Columbia River Railroad, reaching from Seaside to Goble (a distance of 68 miles), is now part and parcel of the Northern Pacific Railway system; as is the Spokane, Portland & Seattle (or "North Bank") Railway; and the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern Railways, jointly, own the "North Bank" line, which last named road, with the Astoria & Columbia, gives the own-

## SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

HAS

**MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD SECURITY**

as between the Inland Empire and the whole Columbia Basin, with the sea, at this terminal; the whole amalgamation bringing Astoria within the pale of interest that may not be denied her. Her people gave lavishly and freely of their time, and money and lands and franchises to build the Astoria & Columbia; gave values that would approximate nearly a million of money, for its final establishment; and upon this hypothesis alone, she has acquired a patent to adequate consideration at the hands of the powers now in control of the system of which she is practically a terminal point.

Her people feel that the hour of silence has passed; that she is entitled to know something of what is in store for her; that the visiting officers of any and all these coalesced lines, when they reach this city, should manifest a bit more interest than they have shown thus far, and give forth some word of fact that means business, and business encouragement, and put this people in closer touch and sympathy with the ritzy, simpler and more profitable for to so align themselves as to make the future work of the roads, in this territory, simpler and more profitable for all concerned. The day for holding things "up in the air" has gone by; it is time to get down to practicalities; the people of Astoria are weary of the course of snubbing silence that has prevailed to date and expects to hear something tangible from the next group of officials that appears here.

## "PAYING THE PIPER."

The piper to whose alluring music we all dance, is an inexorable creditor, and will never be withstood, plead we ever so humbly, promise we ever so ardently. Nation, or man, it is all the same to him. Pay we must, and in full.

For the past score of years we Americans have been forging ahead of all mankind in the accumulation of wealth and in the mad spending of it, until we have wrought for ourselves a name altogether spectacular and uncompromisingly shameful. We are not any too proud of the distinction we have won, because the winning has transcended every standard of morality our fathers set us in the old years, and reduced us to the level of fakery and frauds and mountebanks; and what is worse than all else, we have sanctioned the passage of laws drawn specifically for the furtherance of plundering in finance, commerce, industry, society, trade in the very courts; we have exploited our very credit until only our natural resources stand between us and dishonor; nor will they bear too extraordinary a strain. The "Piper" is at our gates and he will not be denied. We have nothing left but to sober down and re-arrange our course and customs.

## EDITORIAL SALAD

A Georgia paper gets to the marrow of the Democratic nomination when it says that Mr. Bryan is the absolutely unavoidable candidate.

Farmers do not like a snowless winter, but they always wait until February and March are over before making up the returns.

It is a safe guess that by the time Mr. Bryan gets through with the Democratic organization there will never be another one-man party in this country.

By the time they finish their cruise our 16 battleships will be able to furnish the highest living authority on the glad hand and international hospitality.

Cuba's first president had been long a resident of the United States. Perhaps the island is waiting to find another man with a thorough preliminary American training.

England has an alliance with Japan, but proposes to keep its heiresses at home, even if a "Pooh Bah" should present himself with matrimonial intentions and an endless string of titles.

A Mexican paper refers to the

cence in which energy is stored up for new spells of fruitful activity." This optimism has the right ring and looks sound.

## SCOTCH TEA-ROOMS.

**An American Girl's View of Lunch-in and Shopping.**

It may not strike all travelers newly landed in Glasgow and athirst for information that its tea-rooms form the brightest, and its other shops the darkest, spots in that interesting city, but it did us. Why the tea-rooms should have so captured our imaginations I do not know, unless it was that we were touched by the spectacle of so much for so little. Is there any place but a Scotch tea-room where you can lunch to repletion on sixpence (12 cents), and where (added charm!) the feminine tooth can satisfy its taste for sweets without shame, since nearly everything in sight is sweet and what is not in sight is not to be had?

Cranston's, the tea-room par excellence of Glasgow, is not an inspiring spot in itself. The main shop on Buchanan Street is a long, dark, narrow room where one comes solely to eat, not to indulge a roving eye. But who would not fix his eye, from choice, on a table spread with every variety of bread known to Scotland—scones, soda scones, potato scones, sweet milk scones, currant scones, brown scones, all rather heavy and suggesting indigestion, but all good; bread and butter, brown and white; bread and butter with carvies (caraway seeds covered with sugar), "baw-bee," oat cakes, and endless other varieties of doughy confection. Then comes cakes, and cookies, and buns, and little tarts to further distract the eye; and then, best of all, arranged in a neat square in the center of the table, diminutive pots of jam, holding each enough for one person of good but not too greedy appetite.

Having taken a bird's-eye view of all these glories, one's difficulties begin. In the first place, it is a most distracting matter to decide whether to take strawberry, raspberry, black currant or damson jam, and, having decided, to chase the last elusive berry around and around the bottom of the jar before catching and depositing it on one's plate. Then unless you are of such an extravagant turn of mind that you disregard the price list propped up in a neat frame in the middle of the table, there are most complicated calculations to be made. "If a potato scone and butter cost a penny, and a sweet milk scone costs twopence, and a bun also costs a penny, shall I eat a sweet milk scone, which I like, or a potato scone and a bun, which I do not care for, but which will fill a larger chink in my internal economy?" It is a dreadful problem, but no more so than to decide whether to take a small cup of tea for twopence, on the chance of not wanting another; or to take the large cup for threepence in the beginning, and in the end save a penny.

On the whole, the way to enjoy Cranston's to its utmost is to say "Hang the expense," and eat regardless. Then, when, having consumed so many scones and cakes that the suggestion of "another bun" is a deadly insult, you begin a laborious calculation of what you have really eaten, you receive an unexpected thrill at discovering that you have devoured the enormous sum of eight pence halfpenny.

Glasgow's retail stores surprised our American minds much less pleasantly than did the tea-room. Nine o'clock is supposed to be the opening time; if it is more convenient to make it later, why, later it is. Scotch merchants must have angelic dispositions—or perhaps it is only a stray American who arrives on the dot—so that it really doesn't matter if the saleswoman is 15 or 20 minutes late. On the morning we were leaving for the Highlands I found to my horror that I had left my umbrella behind and must buy another at literally the last moment. I flew panting up Renfield Street to a nice little shop I knew, to discover the shutters just being taken off. I made a breathless entry and demanded an umbrella of the shop boy, the only person in sight. He looked at me with a hurt expression.

"The shop ain't open yet, mum," he said.

wered, "for you are here and so am I. Please show me the umbrellas, for I'm in a great hurry."

I don't think that boy knew the meaning of the word, or else he thought such unseemly haste should be discouraged.

"I don't sell umbrellas, mum," he said, "I only takes off the covers."

"Who does sell them, then?" I asked in exasperation. "I suppose there is some one in the shop who can."

"No'm, there ain't," he replied severely. "The young woman as sells hasn't come yet."

I fancy he did not like the expression drawing in my eye, for he hastily retreated to the back of the shop, calling over his shoulder as a parting insult, "Come in later, mum."

Later, indeed! It was ten minutes past nine then, and the train for Oban left at 9.30.

I tried two or three other nearby shops with the same experience, and actually did return "later," humbled in spirit, to my first, where a deliberate woman who had just arrived deigned to sell me what I wanted.

The only place that seemed to open on time were the fruiterers, where we saw the most gorgeous grapes, quite beyond our modest purse, but worth going to Scotland to look at. Magnificent great bunches they were, a foot long and nearly a foot wide, with every grape perfect, arranged on stands like card-houses, covered with white paper and with a background of their own leaves to bring out the full beauty of their color—white, green, yellow, and purple of every shade from the delicate pinkish purple to deepest blue-black. Our mouths watered as we looked at them, but we made haste to reflect that it would be a sin to eat anything so beautiful; and feeling like the philosophical fox of the fable, we filled our bags with an inferior variety and sorrowfully turned our steps toward the train which was to bear us away from this pleasant city.

It is a pleasant city despite the pall of smoke that hangs over it and turns its newest buildings to hoary, begrimed monuments of antiquity in a year's time. And though it shattered some of our preconceived notions of the superiority of the Old World to the New— notions of the sort that, in their desire to be humble and fair minded, many Americans have allowed to be thrust upon them by those "supposed to know"—we have only the kindest memories of Glasgow.

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## LUXURIOUSLY FITTED BOAT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Queen of the South American fleet, the steamship Velasquez, came up the harbor yesterday on her first trip from Argentine and Brazilian ports. The Velasquez a 11,000-ton vessel of the Lamport and Holt Line is 460 long and has accommodation for more than 150 first class passengers. Fitted up with unusual luxuriousness for a steamship not in the trans-Atlantic trade, the Velasquez was admirably inspected yesterday by the waterfront experts. In charge of Captain Kelly, long a commander in the service she

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brought 41 cabin and 14 steerage passengers yesterday.

## SHOULD WEAR PASTE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—Loss of a diamond necklace valued at \$18,000 was reported to the police last night by Mrs. F. Dominick of East 57th Street, wife of a banker. Its owner thinks she must in some way have dropped by her on the icy pavement as she was alighting from a carriage in

front of the Theatre and picked up by some one. Search in the vicinity failed to disclose any trace of the opera house it is said she had the necklace on, having worn it at dinner and had not removed it on setting out for the opera. She also had it, she is certain, when she alighted from the carriage. Entering the house among other fashionably cloaked women she mechanically put her hand to her throat in opening the wrap and missed the diamonds.

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